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Hanna-Barbera's

HONG KONG PHOOEY



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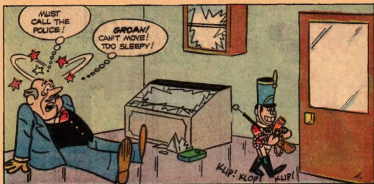
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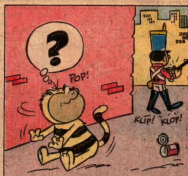
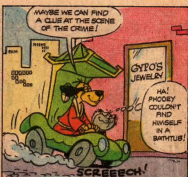
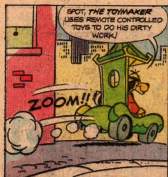
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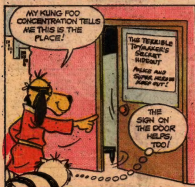
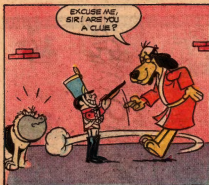
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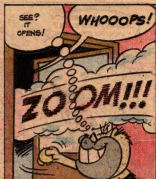
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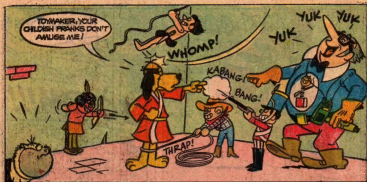










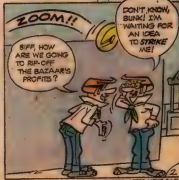
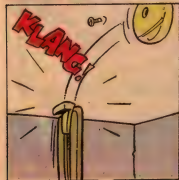




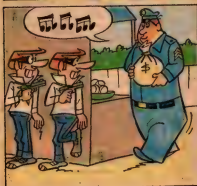
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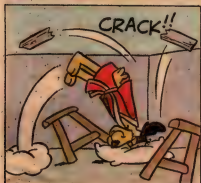
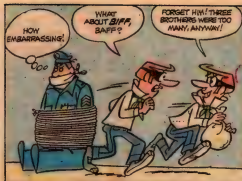
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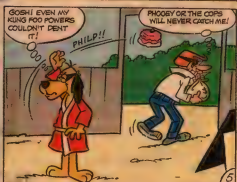




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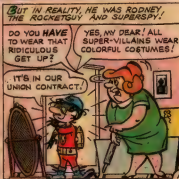
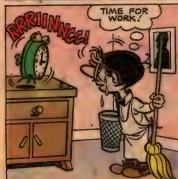


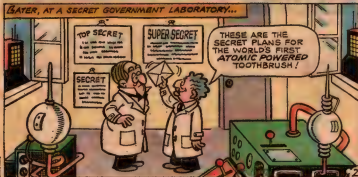
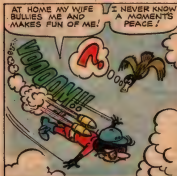
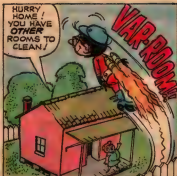
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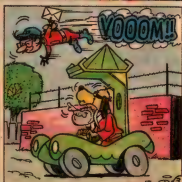


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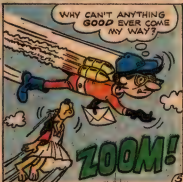
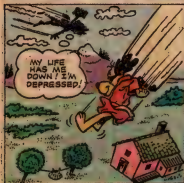
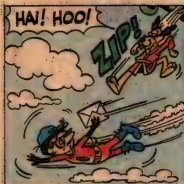
AT FIRST GLANCE, RODNEY GOOPIMPLE
SEEMED YOUR TYPICAL, EVERYDAY
HENPECKED HUSBAND...

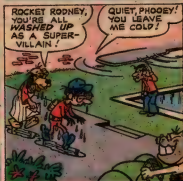
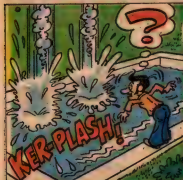










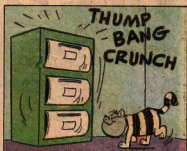
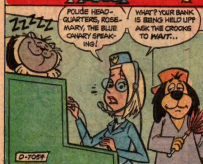


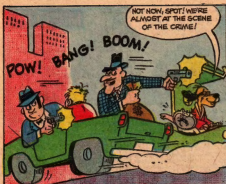
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Hanna-
Barbera's

HONG KONG PHOOEY

HELP!





THE SNEAKY SHADOW STRIKES



Mrs. Van Wealthy's charity ball was a big success. Every rich family in town was there. There were millions and millions of dollars worth of diamonds and precious jewels draped around the necks, wrists and fingers of the ladies. It was a jewel thief's paradise!

"Are you having a good time, Sergeant Flint?" Mrs. Van Wealthy asked the policeman who was on secret, guard duty. Mrs. Van Wealthy's estate was better protected than Fort Knox, but Sergeant Flint didn't like to take chances. That was why he personally volunteered to represent the police force at the party.

"Thank you for asking, but I'm not here to have a good time. I'm here on official, police business," answered the sergeant as he snapped to attention and saluted the sponsor of the charity ball. "I'm here to

protect your diamonds!"

"Having you here makes me feel very safe," stated Mrs. Van Wealthy as she touched her diamond necklace.

Just then, the band stopped playing slow music and they started to play rock and roll. The lights dimmed and everyone began to bounce and shake and quiver in time to the music.

"Will you join me, Sergeant?" asked Mrs. Van Wealthy as she began to sway back and forth in time to the catchy music.

"Why not? All work and no play makes a policeman a wallflower," joked Sergeant Flint as he began to dance.

The dance floor was covered with all shapes and

sizes of twitching, quivering, shimmying shadows. No one paid any attention to the eerie, creepy, spooky shadows that bounced around the room — not even Sergeant Flint. They were just ordinary shadows and nothing to be alarmed about — or were they?

One, sinister shadow sneaked along the wall, and then moved through the crowd of dancing people. The guests didn't notice anything strange about the shadow, even though it didn't seem to belong to anyone. No one knew that it wasn't a real shadow. No one guessed that it was really "Sneaky Shadow" — the Master Jewel Thief! No one suspected that a robbery was in progress until it was too late.

"EEK! I've been robbed! My necklace is gone!" screamed Mrs. Van Wealthy when the music stopped.

"I've been robbed, too!" echoed another woman, and then another and another. Every piece of jewelry had been stolen.

Sergeant Flint quickly phoned the police station to get reinforcements. If he could surround the house, maybe he could stop the sneaky shadow from escaping.

"Hello, this is your local, police station. Crime is our business! This is Rosemary speaking," said



Policewoman Rosemary when she answered the Sergeant's call.

Mild-mannered Penry, the janitor, leaned close to the switchboard in order to hear what the Sergeant was saying.

"The Sneaky Shadow thief has robbed Mrs. Van Wealthy's house! Send reinforcements!" shouted the Sergeant.

"The Sneaky Shadow is at Mrs. Van Wealthy's charity ball? This sounds like a job for Hong Kong Phooey!" mumbled Penry as he dashed toward the file cabinet in the other room.

Penry dove into the file cabinet as a meek janitor and then came out as that master crime fighter, Hong Kong Phooey!

Within seconds, Hong Kong Phooey and his mascot, Spot, were on their way to the Van Wealthy Estate. When they arrived, Hong Kong didn't bother to go through the door. He jumped right through a window. Unfortunately, he forgot to open the window first and crashed through the glass and fell flat on his face on the dance floor.

"Hong Kong Phooey! I'm so glad you're here!" exclaimed Mrs. Van Wealthy. "You'll recover our jewels, won't you?"

"Hong Kong Phooey never fails," answered Hong Kong as he stood up and dusted himself off.

"How are you going to find out which shadow is the Sneaky Shadow?" asked Sergeant Flint. "This room is full of shadows!"

"I'm going to karate chop every shadow in this room. When I find one that screams, I'll have the thief!" Hong Kong answered.

Hong Kong Phooey began to chop at every shadow in the room. Everytime he chopped or kicked at a shadow, his feet or hand went through the floor and wall and made a big hole. Soon, the room looked like a giant piece of swiss cheese.

"Don't hit me!" screamed the last shadow in the room as Hong Kong raised his arm to deliver his final, karate chop. "I give up!"

The last shadow was the Sneaky Shadow himself. He took off his costume to reveal his body and then he returned the jewels. Sergeant Flint arrested the shadow. Hong Kong Phooey had triumphed again!

"Thank you, Hong Kong Phooey! You're a real hero!" said Mrs. Van Wealthy.

"It's all in a day's work," answered Hong Kong as he leaped out of a window. Once again, he forgot to open it and crashed right through the glass and fell flat on his face on the lawn.

